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Golden Chalice of Song

By

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Introduction

WE gather up a word or look
A verse or tender song,
Perhaps along a primrose path
Perchance through clouds or storm,
And little dreaming that the years
Will clothe it—all attuned
To enter hearts and linger there,
Life's message to adorn.

I kiss this tender little song,
And send it forth to find
A dwelling place in some dear heart
Where it may gently bloom,
Intwined with thoughts like purest gems,
Such music to unfold;
T'will lift their souls on wings of thought
New visions to behold.

"Peace Be To This House"

Luke 10-5

PEACE be to this house!
As I enter, I utter the words anew,
Asking a blessing to abide
Through many a year with you,
Knowing that somehow and sometime
Believing with trusting heart
That the peace of the wonderful Savior
Will dwell and abide in your house.

Peace be with you! as you journey
Along the highway of life,
With a song on your lips, and
And your mind attuned
To the still small voice in your heart
Knowing that Life eternal
Flings wide its portals of Love,
When you come to the end of the journey,
And you rest at the end of the road.

Peace be with you! at twilight,
When the evening of life is come,
And you see in the west the fading light
And you know that the day is done.
Peace be with you! shadows lengthen,
And the light of life is done,
May your dimming eyes, glimpse Paradise
And know the Victory won.

My Smilage Book

THERE'S a dear little book I call my own
With a cover of gold and blue,
Tied with a love-knot of silken cord
And tassels of rainbow hue;
And the leaves of this book are radiant tints
With sunbeams playing through.

For this little book holds the smiles of my friends
And the wonderful smile of You
And around each smile is a golden chain
Of friendship's delicate weaving,
Each link is held with a beautiful thought
The thoughts of Friendship's making.

And at the end is a golden heart
The heart of a friend in my keeping
And each fair page has For-get-me-nots blue
And Rosemary—that's for thoughts of You
And woven among the flowers gay
Are the prayers I say, at close of day.

And as I turn each page to see
The smile of those so dear to me,
I seem to feel the warm handclasp
And kindly word of those who passed
Each with a faith and courage brave
And smiled along Life's way.

There's the smile that comes thro a mist of tears
And the smile of understanding;
The smile of joy and the smile of peace
And the one like a benediction;
And the smile that forgives and forgets each fault
With love and sweet devotion.

I gently close my book of smiles
So precious they are to me;
And I count these smiles my blessings
As thro tear-dimmed eyes I see
Your face—while the shadows deepen
And your wonderful smile for me.

"Mother O'Mine"

WHEN twilight comes stealing
far, far o'er the hills,
And purple mist, hides from our visions
the fields,
And nature has veiled all in fragance
and dew,
It is then, dearest Mother, I'm thinking
of you.

When I'm nearing the end of Life's
little day,
Will there be some one dear to me—
near me—each day?
Shall I be blest as you—with loved
ones near
And those who have journeyed thro
life—ever dear?

Will there be some one to smile
thru tears
After the storm and stress of the
years,
Some one to guide my faltering feet
At last, where Time and Eternity meet?

I long for your answer, dear
Mother O'Mine,
But you answer me not—for when I am old
Those I have loved will be
far, far away,
And I shall be old and weary-and-gray.

You will meet me, I know, at the
end of the road,
When the journey is ended,
and lifted the load,
And we'll walk through Eternity
your hand in mine,
As we walked here together,
Dear Mother O'Mine.

The Vagrant Heart

MY heart has many Loves
In spring the soft blue sky and fleecy clouds,
The sighing south winds,
The insistent cooing of the dove—calling its mate
The birds in wordless melody
These are my Loves.

In June—the rose—kissed into fragrant bloom
By the ardent sun,
The radiant butterfly—flitting drowsily from flower to flower,
The smiling brook, in shady woods,
The silence of a perfect day—the tender twilight,
These are my Loves.

Sweet scented Autumn—and falling leaves
An artist has painted in the rainbow hues,
The Indian summer—with its purple haze,
The lowing cattle—home coming
The dusky lane—and open gate,
These are my Loves.

Winter—with snow clad hills—the pastures brown,
Grotesque shadows of the trees along the path,
The red sun—and sleigh bells faintly heard on the frosty air,
The early dusk—and pale cold moon,
The starry night,
These are my Loves.

A cottage where love dwells,
The evening meal—the fire light glow
A wee maid nestling 'gainst the knee
The smile of Her so dear to me,
Hearts-ease and sweet content are these.
My vagrant heart no more shall roam,
Down Primrose paths, but rest at home—
These are my Loves.

Hold Thou My Hand

I DO not ask the way,
Nor care to understand
Or, why my cross seems
heavier to bear,
Through coming years;
I only know "Thy way be mine"
Content, if Thou wilt hold my hand

Much joy I have—though
Sorrow with bowed head
has walked with me
Through many a weary day;
Yet—Thy great enfolding love
Has greater comfort given me.

Hold Thou my hand
And I shall safely walk
through night of storm,
Or noonday splendor,
Suffice to know that still
Thou leadeth me.

And when through waters still
and deep—unfathomable,
I sink to fall asleep—
unknown—unsung.
Grant me sweet rest
in fields elysian,
Holding Thy hand.

No fear of death can come,
If Thou art with me—
Serene I wait the coming
of the years.
If Thou wilt guide my footsteps—
ever watchful,
I'll trust Thee still;
If Thou wilt hold my hand.

Cloistered

HIDDEN away in a Casket rare,
Inlaid wih jewels rich and fair,
Are treasures I fain would forever keep,
Cloistered deep in this Casket rare.

The key that unlocks this Casket rare,
Is fashioned of tears and Memories dear,
And when the twilight all silver and sheen
Comes softly stealing across the room—
I take this little key of my heart
And open this wonderful jewel box.

Deep in the recess hidden from view,
Garland with thoughts, and dreams of You,
Is a Heart of Gold, strung on a chain so fine
You scarce would think 'twould our hearts entwine
But so strong is this Love-chain
The years cannot sever.

This little Casket is full of dreams,
And a faded flower—and though
It seems but yesterday since I placed them there,
'Tis years long gone.
There's a tear that fell from Some One's eyes
When we parted in silence, too deep for sighs,
And memory beats at the door of my heart.
For the by-gone hours.

But O! this Casket of dear, dead things,
Where haunting Memory sweeps the strings,
Of half forgotten old love songs—
I clasp them all to my longing breast,
And kiss them with lips that are numb with pain,

O! little love song,
O! Heart of Gold,
Leave with me ever
Your thoughts untold—
My Rosary of the years.

Heart of Mine

O! Heart of Mine—
Why should we so regret
The years our hearts knew not
Of such sweet bliss.
'Twere better thus to live
Each day apart, and fill the hours
With jeweled Memories,
Than sip the golden Nectar
From the Chalice brim.
Such joy could not endure
The fervid sun,
Which like a god of fire
Rides high the Heavens—
But needs must faint
In ecstacy so rapturous,
That clinging lips were
Dumb to Love's imploring.
To know such joy
'Twere Life itself to live;
To lose such bliss,
'Twere better thus to die.
O! Heart of Mine!
Why should we be afraid,
If only night may find us
Hand in hand.

L'Envoi

I ENTER at an eve'n twilight
A room of faint shadows
And close drawn blinds,
Where candle light thru soft shades
Faintly gleaming,
Keep watchful silence.

I lie upon a couch imperial;
While draperies soft
Enfold my silent form,
And perfume, faint, elusive,
Frought with mystery,
Pervades the air.

And many come to look upon a face
They knew, scarce breathing,
Lest they, my sleep disturb.
A sigh—soft, as the muted strings
Of a harp, swept by unseen fingers,
Steals o'er the silence.

One breathes a prayer;
Perchance—one who loved bends o'er me—
While tears like a benediction
Bathe my cold brow.

* * * * * * * *

But I shall rest, as one
Who after a long day,
Seeks his couch to dreamless slumber.
My body dead—my Soul in some secret
Hiding place, known to God,
Embarks upon a sea of midnight darkness,
Seeking the Harbor of Eternal Life.

Swift as an arrow—
Straight from the Archer's bow,
With furled sail, my Soul
Shall enter the Port
At an Eternal Dawn.

Friends

I WOULD ask no greater blessing
Than thru life to call you friends,
Just to know that tho the years come
You would still just be my friends—
That the years would be so tender
Of our friendship—you and I,
That when parting comes—our silence
Needs no words for our goodbye.

I could wish no greater pleasure
Than the joys we all have known,
I could ask no greater service
Than the service you have shown,
In the many thoughts that's woven
Like a robe of rainbow hue,
It's just a bit of Heaven
Caught with threads of friendship true.
And I pray I may be worthy
To be called a friend—by you.

Friendship, like the evening shadows
Of our lives that brighter grow,
'Till the twilight comes upon us,
Twilight, with its after-glow,
And we dream again of loved friends
Who were with us in the past,
Lightening with their love and kindness
Life's weary load—till free at last.

So I greet you with this message
That we live, that each today
Leaves no kindly word unspoken
That may help along the way.
Each tomorrow, brings you nearer
The crown of Life that you have won,
May you share in richest blessings
For the good that you have done.

"Thy Will Be Done"

This poem was written just before entering a hospital for an operation, with one chance of recovery against a thousand odds, demonstrating that "Jesus is able to save, even to the uttermost."

DEAR God, it's such a little while
When I must stand the test of pain
Grant me, a faith and courage strong
To meet the night, as I have met the dawn.

Stay Thou near by, I need Thee in this hour
When human love no longer can endure,
When faltering tongue, and fainting hearts
despair
Help me to bear my cross alone.

And if, at last the Victory be not mine
And Life shall close its last fair page for me
Grant me, O Lord, abiding grace to say
"Thy will be done."

And when my feet shall cross, thru waters deep
To that Fair Land, veiled now from mortal eyes
Hold Thou my hand, and on Thy peaceful breast
I'll gently fall asleep.

To rest secure, safe from the ills of life
To meet again the loved ones waiting there—
Life is so dear, yet Lord, help me to say,
"Thy will be done."

Song of the Heart

THERE'S a song in my heart
That has never been sung;
There's a smile that I see through tears,
There's a heart that is longing
To call me back,
After the long weary years.

There's a face that I see
That is dearer to me,
Than the wealth of the world untold;
And my wandering feet
Take the path, cool, and sweet
To the Dear One, who waits for me.

In my dreams, fair to me
Is a cot by the sea;
Where Roses and Arbutus sweet
Frame a face, in whose eyes
The love-light lies,
As she watches and waits for me.

Tho' the years have passed by
Since we whispered good-bye—
By the sea in that long, long ago—
Still her voice calls to me,
"I am longing for you"
And I answer, "Love, I'm coming home."

"Answer"

IF you knew how much your smile meant
As you journey along life's way,
If you knew how much a kind word
Helped along a weary day,
If you thought some one was waiting
Just to see your kindly face,
Would you frown on them a greeting—or—
a smile?

If you knew a heart in sadness
Waited for your smile in vain
If some loved one should be taken
Never to return again;
Would you leave the words unspoken
That you spoke in bitterness,
Could you wound a heart so loving
If you knew their heart's distress?

If you knew that on the morrow
Life would end for you—Ah, then
Would you want to live it over,
Just the same again; as when
Life's fair morning beamed upon you
And you had your chance to give
To the world your smiles and kind words
If you knew—What would you give?

Old Friend O'Mine

OLD Friend O'Mine—
With the cheery smile,
You have wandered many a weary mile
A-down life's way.

Old Friend O'Mine
With heart of gold,
What are your Visions, new or old
At close of day?

Old Friend O'Mine—
In your verses sweet,
I have caught a glimpse
Of your faith complete,
Tho ills beset.

Old Friend O'Mine—
With your kindly face,
Patiently striving to do your best
Still undismayed.

Old Friend O'Mine—
As you journey on, filled
With love and patience strong,
God bless thee still.

Old Friend O'Mine—
When life is done,
A crown of Life you have nobly won
At Heaven's gate.

L'Envoi

Old Friend O'Mine—
When we say farewell,
When the lights grow dim,
And the twilight bell
Tolls the parting hour
For you and I—
Let us rest 'neath the shadow
of His wings
'Till the Night is past
And Heaven's morning gleams,
Old Friend O'Mine.

"Memoriam"

TODAY, he knows the sadness of our hearts
And that we miss this kindly friend of ours
Who gave a cheery word and tender smile—
Ever courageous, faithful to the last.

Undaunted by the ills of life
He failed not, but looking up
He saw the crown eternal, not the cross,
And we who mourn him, know
That now at last, Life's mysteries, sorrow, pain
and loss
He understands—and knows
That "God is Love."

A few brief years for us
the cross to bear,
And then with those dear loved
ones gone before,
Never to parted be—
We'll meet again.

Memories of You

AS the night brings out the stars,
So night brings your memory dear
As twilight fades in the golden west,
I am dreaming "sweetheart" of you.
Though the years may drift by,
There is blue in the sky
And I'll wait till you bid me come;
As the night brings out the stars, Dear,
So night brings memories of You.

As the morn clothed in dew
Greets the sun, Dear,
And the night folds her wings
And sinks to rest,
While the rose with her blushes
Lifts her head to the bee
And is kissed by the soft winds that blow—
So my Heart sends to you
From its Altar of Love,
The song on my lips—"I love you."

In Answer

IF in your eyes,
Your tender, beaming eyes,
I seem more fair than others,
Yet to the world not so;
Or, if my smile means
Much to you each day—

If in your heart
Your tender, loving heart
My image is engraven,
Where others may not come,
Or take my place—

I shall be well content
To give my days into your keeping
Assured that Life can give
No greater joy than this—
To love, and be beloved, dear of you.

"The Wishbone"

The author of this little poem wrote this after the doctors pronounced the verdict of "only six months to live"—She still lives.

'TIS said, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."
Now I believe that story along with the rest.
Hope's been springing on my chest,
'Till there's nothing left but my old wishbone.

Now my wishbone isn't fair to see,
And its full of wishes as it can be;
But the wish thats been springing in my breast,
Is the one I want more than all the rest.

But there's an old bird they call the Raven,
He croaks his song like some old craven,
And these are the words he seemed to say,
"It can't be done, too much delay."

He's perched on that "wishbone" high and dry,
He scratches his head, and bats his eye;
Smooths down his feathers and says with a croak,
"It can't be done, You're too near broke."

Now that "wishbone" is holding its own
Against the odds—till that bird has flown.
That bird may be wise and some "go-getter,"
But that "wishbone" will go him just one better.

What Have You Done Today?

WHAT have you done today?
Have you heeded your country's call?
Have you given the best you had to give?
Or have you given at all ?
Do you know the joy of a task well done
As daylight fades and the night comes on
Have you sought your rest
With a soul so blest?
What have you done today?

They are waiting in that other land
To hear what we've done today
Shall we fail them now
When Victory is theirs
Shall Old Glory be trailed in the dust?
Have we counted the cost
And the long, long hours
What they have suffered
The gain—the loss,
They are fighting for us
They are dying for us
But they never falter
They keep the trust,
Now! What have we done today?

And when they return, these heroes of ours
When the bells ring out and each shall shout
A welcome glad—to each brave lad,
Where will we stand that day?
Can we greet them there with smiling face
Can we look in their eyes with honest grace
Can we grasp each hand
With a grip that hurts
For what we have done today?

"B. C. & Now"

WHAT shall it be! What shall it be,
I looked at Sis—Sis looked at me.
I thot of all that I had worn
Of clothes now old, and rent, and torn
And then of this—"Come Sis! said I—
We'll view among them as they lie,
On chairs and beds and in wooden presses,
So hand in hand, dear Sis and I
Surveyed my dresses.

"There's one I wore in 1902,
We never could make that one do.
That one of blue is far too tight
I'm sure I'd look just like a fright.
The white chiffon with slip of yellow
Was surely made for some other fellow.
And that old black lace with jet passementerie
Is quaint enough for the sixteenth century."

And so we looked the whole lot through
There wasn't a dress we thought would do;
So we wrote a note in courteous way
To the bride-to-be, that very day,
That we could not attend her wedding,
But down town soon we would be wending
A wedding present to be sending,
For this is a tale that has no ending.

The tale of a dress too old for mending,
With never a friend who would be lending
A gown for the wedding, without offending.
And so I shall stay at home that night
And wonder why this terrible plight,
And weep and sigh, 'till I look a fright
And promise myself 'ere another night
I'll have a gown—be it ever so tight.

Now this is a tale of womans' woes,
The longer it runs, the worse it grows.
From the time of the fig-leaf dress of Eve's
To the modern dress without any sleeves.
We plan and figure the styles to change
Until we're bereft of any brains,
And wonder why we do not care
For the gowns that are, like the gowns that were.
Does it mean that we'll always break our necks
To outshine others, tho it leaves us wrecks?

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